

Vol. III — No. 7

# *The Pathfinder*

JANUARY, 1909

Poe  
Centenary  
Commemoration

1809-1909



PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT  
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE  
FIFTY CENTS A YEAR · TEN CENTS A COPY

*Entered at the post-office at Sewanee as second-class matter*

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

---

Subscriptions for volume three, beginning July, 1908, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After October 1 the rate will be 75 cents; after March 1, one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies may be purchased privately. THE PATHFINDER will undertake to furnish such on request.

Of volume two there are less than a hundred copies on hand.

---

Unless notified to discontinue at the expiration of a subscription, it is assumed that the subscription is continued.

Remittances may be sent in stamps, but Money-Order is preferred.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

# THE PATHFINDER

---

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

---

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

---

## CONTENTS FOR JANUARY

---

EDGAR ALLAN POE *By William Ellery Leonard*

THE PERMANENCE OF POE *By Carl Holliday*

FROM POE'S POEMS

A WORD ON POE *By Glen Levin Swiggett*

YOUNG POE BESIDE THE HUDSON

*By John Russell Hayes*

POE AND THE GARGOYLES OF ART

*By Frank Waller Allen*

MANGAN: THE IRISH POE

*By Cornelius Weygandt*

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

REPRINT FROM "IK MARVEL"

*(Back Cover Page)*

---

*This journal is published monthly at THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE.*

*The subscription price is Fifty Cents a year, or Seventy-five Cents when sent to a foreign country. Single copies are Ten Cents.*

*All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.*

# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.



# *The Pathfinder*

---

Vol. III]

JANUARY, 1909

[No. 7

---

*EDGAR ALLAN POE*

(January 19, 1908)

*By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD*

Not for the tales, where magic voices rave  
In wizard night through haunted houses drear,  
Till the spell makes me half in love with fear;  
Not for the weirder art, the rhymèd stave  
Wailing of lunar wood, and wan sea-wave,  
And lamp, and ghostly bird, and bridal bier,  
Lay I these verses, at this hundredth year,  
Poe, on the marble of thy wintry grave;

But for the unconquerable soul that pain  
Nor poverty with forty stripes and odd,  
Fire in the throat, nor fever in the brain,  
Death in the house, nor calumny abroad,  
Could torture from a faith, not held in vain,  
With service unto Beauty—unto God.

*THE PERMANENCE OF POE**By* CARL HOLLIDAY

"He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death; but *in his fame he is immortal.*"

We Americans have not taken Poe seriously enough. Why, we exclaim, he has left us no *message!* Ah, our Puritan tradition; how it hampers us! Let us ask ourselves bluntly: Is it necessary for poets to be preachers? Must they forever be banging us over the head with a rhymed bundle of doctrines? We are continually demanding torch-bearers; but is the worldly eternally in the darkness of night? Is there not some day-light when men may throw down the torch, and simply gaze about and wonder? Poe is not a preaching genius, but a wondering genius. His was simply a wonder, a wild, nervous wonder, over the mysteries of life and death and over the invisible forms that invade our consciousness.

And the people — ah, the people —  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,

—  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone —  
They are neither man nor woman —  
They are neither brute nor human —  
They are Ghouls.

As our civilization grows more aged, the opportunities for individualism will almost vanish, and we shall come to believe with Buddha that abnegation of self is the prime virtue, that the message is all and the messenger nothing. Then, too, in that distant era the soul of man will no longer be filled with cock-sure doctrines, but with wonder and perhaps with awe. In that day the mystic shall exclaim with Poe :

All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.  
I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand —  
How few! — yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep — while I weep!

This may be egoism; but assuredly it is not egotism. He has not attempted to climb Parnassus with a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme. Not that he lacks high seriousness; for may not a man have seriousness in a

love-affair as well as in a rhythmical discussion of the universality of death?

Again, as the ages pass, men will become more intellectual; at least this is our hope. That means a keener appreciation of such an *artist* as Poe. The mystic suggestiveness of *The Bells* was never meant for the deadened ears of a boiler-maker; the unearthly shadows of *The Raven* are not discernible to those who love rather the glare of the ball-room; the intricate, half-hidden harmonies of *Ulalume* are not apparent to those who prefer a brass-band 'rag-time.' They open themselves in their fulness only to those whose nerves have been made sensitive, aye, even endangered by the long evolution of society. DeQuincey has said: "The artifice and machinery of rhetoric furnishes in its degree as legitimate a basis for intellectual pleasure as any other; that the pleasure is of an inferior order can no more attain the idea or model of the composition than it can impeach the excellence of an epigram that it is not a tragedy." As people become more cultured they find more delight in pure technical excellence. Indeed, as an escape from an exceedingly real world, they more readily lend themselves to the enchantment of tone and subtle suggestion;



they more readily compel themselves to enter that dreamland which can never exist save in imagination. The English thinker, Symonds, has declared that the true philosophy of life lies in an effort to escape from life; that is, music, painting, and sculpture exist to help us forget actual life. If this be true—and, personally, I doubt it not—the cultured but over-tense race of the far future will turn to such a singer as Poe, to seek heart's ease in the weirdness and sadness of one who has tested life and found it indeed too real.

And now as to his fiction. Just at present we are in the midst of the social-problem story. Alas, Poe does not treat this at all! It must be admitted that in this regard he is considerably behind the times. Therefore, says your radical, his stories are not worth the time required in the reading. Doubtless 'Super-man' Shaw would damn him world without end; for, behold, he never discussed the relations of capital and labor; he never argued whether a man captures a wife, or a wife a man; he never mentioned whether catering to the social evil is a profession. In short, Poe was not a doctrinaire. True, Poe had theories about prose and poetry; but he never allowed his characters to preach these through

a dozen pages while the plot languished. He realized one truth: Literature teaches no system, no science, no creed; it suggests and inspires.

Poe's tales readily divide themselves into four classes: the intellectual problem-plot—such as *The Gold Bug*—where an intricate puzzle is solved; the realistic adventure-story—such as *The Maelstrom*—where dangers develop an abnormal intellectual alertness; the story based on the fascination of terror—such as *The House of Usher*—where a hypnotic spell is wrought by fear; and the story founded on interest in the horrible—such as *The Masque of Red Death*—where the universal itching for details of repulsive incidents is appealed to. Examine these elements! Is there one of them likely to decrease in interest as civilization progresses? Do not the highly intellectual delight in mental puzzles? Do not cultured readers enjoy a rescue wrought by abnormal acumen? *The Maelstrom* was never intended for clod-hoppers; it appeals to the mathematical sense. Will not *The House of Usher* attract more strongly in a distant future, when an ancient civilization shall have bequeathed an over-sensitive, an over-alert nervous system? And, finally, is our interest in

the horrible becoming any less intense as we grow in 'sweetness and light?'

Doubtless Poe was nervously more developed than we. Men say he was abnormal. But the abnormal of to-day is often the normal of to-morrow. If he was super-sensitive; if he was so alert in nervous structure as to find terrors where others find nothing; if his being was so tense as to be set tingling by sounds and lights and waves which make no impression upon us, it is but a sign that he will find more comradeship, more genuine sympathy in days to come. Response to subtle suggestion grows with human progress; it may even sometime wreck the race and send it tumbling to the bottom to start all over again. So long, however, as humanity is struggling upward toward a super-human state, men will turn in their resulting high-strung alertness to Poe and his followers. He cannot die! for he will answer a hungering of the future man.

*FROM POE'S POEMS**TO HELEN*

Printed in 1831

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfumèd sea,  
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within thy hand!  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy-Land!

*COLISEUM*

Printed in 1833

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary  
Of lofty contemplation left to Time  
By buried centuries of pomp and power!  
At length—at length—after so many days  
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,  
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie),  
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,



Amid thy shadows, and so drink within  
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!  
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!  
I feel ye now — I feel ye in your strength —  
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king  
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!  
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee  
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!  
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,  
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!  
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair  
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!  
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,  
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,  
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,  
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls — these ivy-clad arcades —  
These mouldering plinths — these sad and blackened  
shafts —

These vague entablatures — this crumbling frieze —  
These shattered cornices — this wreck — this ruin —  
These stones — alas! these gray stones — are they  
all —

All of the famed, and the colossal left  
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

'Not all' — the Echoes answer me — 'not all!  
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever  
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,  
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.  
We rule the hearts of mightiest men — we rule

---

With a despotic sway all giant minds.  
We are not impotent — we pallid stones.  
Not all our power is gone — not all our fame —  
Not all the magic of our high renown —  
Not all the wonder that encircles us —  
Not all the mysteries that in us lie —  
Not all the memories that hang upon  
And cling around about us as a garment,  
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.'

---

*THE HAUNTED PALACE*

Printed in 1839

In the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace —  
Radiant palace — reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion —  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,  
(This — all this — was in the olden Time long  
ago).  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tunèd law,

Round about a throne where, sitting,  
    (PorphYROGENE !)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
    The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
    Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing  
    And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
    Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
    The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
    Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn! — for never morrow  
    Shall dawn upon him desolate ! )  
And round about his home the glory  
    That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
    Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,  
    Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
    To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
    Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever  
    And laugh — but smile no more.

---

*A WORD ON POE*

Reprinted from *A Plea for Poe* in *Poet Lore*.—Whole Vol. XIII, No. 3.

By GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT

We need poet-critics in judging the literary work of men like Poe; men who, though they may lack the divine-given power to create, possess in fair degree the ability equally divine of recognizing, *in literarum caritate*, genuine poetry.

That we are not charitable in American letters must be the sole explanation of our inability to grasp the higher truth and greater beauty of Europe's Bohemian men of letters. We have looked too long upon our so-called New England school as leaders, and have, in consequence, associated right thinking with right living in the field of letters. Would that it were so! But, since it is not, must we, through our Puritanic standards, shut out those keen intellectual and soul delights which come from reading Goethe, Burns, Byron, Poe, Lenau, Verlaine, Mallarmé?

It were better, perhaps, if we banished all biographical reference to our modern men of letters in reading their prose or poetry, as the most of us do in the presence of the ancients. For how



many a person of uncompromising attitude toward Poe has not stood in ecstasy before some of the masters in the European galleries, whose very blush would have rivalled the God-stolen glory of color which they were worshipping in rapturous awe if they but knew the secret of those lives interpreting Divinity in their pictures! For once these persons were ingenuous, thanks to their ignorance! and the adage is as pointed as ever. If one could see the possible gain in reading Poe, out of his environment, all future reference to the frailty of his flesh would be forgotten; and, I am sure, we should add another great poet to our comparatively small list, or at least we should make him the prince of minor poets.

It is true that we do not have the technical background necessary as yet to a full appreciation of Poe, Baudelaire, Swinburne, or the French neo-Romanticists, notably Verlaine. Where poetry and its study, poetics, is not neglected entirely in America, Whittier and Wordsworth reign supreme as the world's greatest poets. This may account, in part, for the limited reception of Poe's ilk by the *polloi*; but the inference is unfair toward our critics and men of letters, whether professionally engaged

or otherwise. If there is to be a bone of contention, it is to the latter that it must be thrown. They must condemn Poe for failing to do what he professed, limited as that field may be; or, accepting, must give him the praise and love which Europe has sent after him into eternity.

The very essence of his poetic principles, by a strange coincidence, in all justice demands this. "Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle," he says, "by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time, to obtain a portion of that loveliness whose very element, perhaps, appertains to eternity alone." And is not this what every soul, conscious of its mission, tries to do? The only difference between the even flow in literature and the few who stand out salient is that the latter have been able to see, and seeing, have given form and content to these visions of no time and space that win our intellect and hold our emotion. This is the key to those subtle flashes that strike us so often, full in the face, on reading those mighty Titans, Victor Hugo and Rudyard Kipling—with the former especially, whose theory of the grotesque in art is related so closely to that of Poe.

*YOUNG POE BESIDE THE HUDSON**By JOHN RUSSELL HAYES*

Beside the dreamy river  
I meditate and dream  
And wonder if forever  
The phantoms of my dream  
Will sail the dreamy river —

For silent and forever  
In soft delicious stream  
Adown the dreamy river  
Soft pageantries do stream  
Enthralling me forever —

Far flows the dreamy river  
From underworlds of dream  
And drowsy ghosts forever  
From poppied fields of dream  
Pass down the dreamy river —

And drowsily forever  
They beckon from the stream  
As down the dreamy river  
They pass in sleepy stream  
And leave me lost forever —

Lost by the dreamy river  
In poppied dream on dream  
And wond'ring if forever  
The phantoms of my dream  
Will sail the dreamy river.

*POE AND THE GARGOYLES OF ART**By* FRANK WALLER ALLEN

There are two characteristics of the doctrine which have proven detrimental to the healthfulness of our literature. One of these is the rank phariseism that has had such a repressing effect upon novel-writing, giving birth to artificialities, false sentiment, and wrong values of life. It is this which caused Mr. George Moore to remark, bluntly, yet truthfully, "*English fiction lacks guts.*"

The second characteristic belongs to the bourgeois mind which enlarges upon the personality and mannerisms of the great, and near-great, throwing an atmosphere of mystery and eccentricity about acts that are really simple, and humanly commonplace.

From each of these aberrations Poe has suffered greatly. And because of them we find a great man winning much admiration, frequent pity, but never love. Here lies the secret of the cause of Poe's disturbed imagination and sorrow. There is scarcely anything in all the category of weaknesses which has not been attributed to him, from moral perverseness to in-



sanity. None of these suffice. Lack of companionship is the largest cause—a lack of some one to understand—some one with sympathy and a great love. Very truthfully has some philosopher, whose name I do not now recall, said: “Fellowship is heaven; and the lack of it is hell.”

Thus, shorn of all mystery, Edgar Allan Poe was a lonely, hard-working, poorly-paid dealer in the gargoyles of art. He had a penchant for the grotesque, hence the material—to be found in both his verse and fiction—from which the weird, artificial and impossible personality which has been given him, is constructed. Because of a pot, the boiling of which was often extremely uncertain, he was very much given to the business of pot-boiler. Those who knew him intimately, therefore giving the truth sympathetically, tell us that he was rather an old-fashioned gentleman of the Virginian type, genuinely lovable, superlatively sensitive, and loyal in his few friendships. Now and then, when life would allow, he would produce a bit of poetry or a story truly great and lasting. The absence of minds appreciative of his artistic ideals, pitiful poverty, and, as a consequence, much irksome hack-writing, produced the misery of spirit which mediocrity has enlarged into a

fantastic, perverted, "sad bad glad mad" man of genius.

Only this morning I read a recent essay by Mr. Arthur Rickett on the element of vagabondage in the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson. In this I found him recording the amazing fact that some of the friends of R. L. S. find fault with that side of his nature which W. E. Henley characterized as "Something of the Shorter Catechist." It seems quite absurd that anyone should take this criticism seriously enough to offer the slightest defence for our quite civilized, yet altogether delightful, pagan having occasionally shown us the charm of Pan turned whimsical parson. However, this is what Mr. Rickett proceeds to do, which, so far as I am concerned, is quite within his right so long as, in order to prove one man justified, he does not run another man down. Here is what he says:

"And even if you do not care for Stevenson's 'Hamlet' and 'Shorter Catechist' moods, is it wise, even from the artistic point of view, to wish away this side of his temperament? Was it the absence of the 'Shorter Catechist' in Edgar Allan Poe that sent him drifting impotently across the world, brilliant, unstable, as-

piring, grovelling; a man of many fine qualities and extraordinary intensity of imagination, but tragically weak where he ought to have been strong?"

Does not that recall to you favorite phrases of the author of *A Christmas Sermon* and *Lay Morals* about 'canting moralists?' Can you not hear this pagan parson saying: "There is a certain class, professors of that low morality so greatly more distressing than the better sort of vice, to whom you must never represent an act that was virtuous in itself, as attended by any other consequences than a large family and fortune. . . . Personally, I confess that the thought suggested itself to me that I, too, should have my say about our "sad bad glad mad" brother's lack of poise with a little word about the irresponsibility of the constitutionally unmoral, when, quite suddenly, this favorite verse of old Joaquin Miller stared me reproachfully, like a wounded friend, in the face:

In men whom men pronounce as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin and blot;  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two, when God has not.

—  
‘The gargoyles of art!’ there you have a phrase which conveys to the mind the kind of mystic romance with which Poe loved to employ his imagination. He had no message for humanity. His friends, at least, cannot accuse him of preaching. The nearest he ever gets to a purpose so far as making any disciples is concerned, is when he would give his fellow-craftsmen some laws governing the production of writing which is ambitious to be classed as art.

Knowing the ‘gentle reader’s’ secret delight in the grisly, grim tales of horror in which much is made by way of appeal to the primitive fear of death to be found in the most of us, he proceeds to gratify him with gastly thrills in miasmic abundance. And, if the occasion demanded, he found it easy “to frighten the evening sky into violent chromo-lithographic effects.”

Yet, when Time shall have done her sifting, Edgar Allan Poe will be classed among the immortals because of some three or four poems. It is here he proves himself, and it is here we find ourselves naming him with Burns, Shelley, Keats and Byron. In America I find no greater name.



*MANGAN: THE IRISH POE*

By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

"Twenty golden years ago" an Irishman told his college class—a class in History—the story of Mangan. That was the first time I had heard the poet's name, though not the first time I had heard his poetry. I can hardly remember the time when bits of *My Dark Rosaleen* were not in my memory, along with *Brian O'Llyn Had an Old Gray Mare* and stories of Dean Swift, all learnt from the old gardener who began my education in things Irish. My Wexford County friend, innocent of reading and writing, had the lines of *My Dark Rosaleen* fairly accurate, and another 'unlearned' Irish peasant, a farm hand over in Jersey, dictated them twice "twenty golden years ago" to a friend of mine almost word for word, though he changed the order of the stanzas and omitted one.

It falls to the lot of few poets, even in a country like Ireland, where so much literature persists in oral tradition, to write verses that are remembered and loved by learned and unlearned alike. It is but the one poem that all know, and its popularity is, of course, based on its patriot-

ism. To-day in Ireland, among the younger generation, Mangan's name, like his *Dark Rosaleen*, is a household word. Young Irishmen who have formal praise only for Allingham and Ferguson and DeVere will insist that Mangan is a great poet, contending that his weaknesses of technique are only those of his day. They will resurrect the old quarrel as to whether he learnt his trick of refrain from Poe, or Poe from him; declaring lustily that our own poet was the imitator, as indeed the dates of publication of the poems of the two men seem to show.

It seems to me that of everything Mangan has written it must be said, as Matthew Arnold said of Celtic poetry in general, that it is not great poetry but "poetry with an air of greatness investing it." There is the 'large accent' about *O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire*, by far the finest poem of Mangan's, and its every stanza is plangent with 'lyric cry.' Only now and then, however, are its lines in the 'grand style,' and its general execution is not well sustained. Go to quote it, you find that the lines, separated from the context, lose strength, color and even music. With all its ups and downs, you can best get a sense of its power, a very real and a great power, by reading it through aloud.

The first stanza of *Rury and Darvorgilla* gives you the verse of Mangan in its strength and weakness. There is music like Poe's in the first three lines, a music that is broken by the heavy syllables where light syllables should be in the beginning of the anapæst of the third foot of the last line. As out of place rhetorically, as this 'reckless' is musically, is the 'pen' of the third line.

Know ye the tale of the Prince of Oriel,  
Of Rury, last of his line of Kings?  
I pen it here as a sad memorial  
Of how much woe reckless folly brings.

As in reading DeQuincey and Poe, we are apt to read into Mangan's writing the tragedy of his life. It was a life that sounded the deeps of humiliation and despair, "The grief and grave of Maginn and Burns." Mangan tells us in *The Nameless One*

how, with genius wasted,  
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,  
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,  
He still, still strove.

*The Karamanian Exile* sounds again the note of despair that is never absent from his writing. Living in Dublin all his days (1803-1849), he felt none the less vividly, although only imagina-

tively, all the sorrow of exile ; and he must have been sadly lonely, intellectually and spiritually, although he had more than enough company in the scrivener's and attorney's offices, and in the library where those of his latter years, of which we know anything definite, were spent. Those two notes of lamentation, the lament for exile, and the lament for loneliness, are prominent in his poetry—these and personal despair, and sorrow for the sorrows of his country and her sons, are his chief themes. In *Twenty Golden Years Ago* the lament is softened to that over the passing of youth, and by contrast with the vehemence of his usual outpouring of feeling, this poem's cynicism seems almost genial.

The translations from the German in his *German Anthology* (1845) and the so-called translations from oriental languages are most of them tainted with artificiality. Mangan wrote his best only on the sorrows of his country or his own sorrows. Perhaps had he written in Gaelic he could have found a means of expression less artificial than the English in which he usually cast his poems. There is always in his writing the suggestion of the foreigner's use of English.

What you carry away from a study of Mangan is a memory of his story and a permanent impression that there is no poet in English whose verse is so consistently downhearted. On wild days in winter when the wind is loud without and the rain and sleet drive against the panes, certain lines of his *O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire* come to me: "Gray rain in roaring streams," "Showery, arrowy, speary sleet," "Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding winds," as on winter nights when the wind moans I think of the saying of a younger Irish poet, "There is much evil in the crying of wind." Such is the intensity of the best poems of Mangan that you remember their gist when the lines fade from your recollection, and thinking over their subjects and his imaginative realization of them, the poems bulk larger and larger until you persuade yourself they are great poems. The materials of his poems are the materials of great poetry, the passion breaking out in them is the passion of great poetry, but he failed through lack of architectonic power and of inevitability of phrase to make his poetry great poetry.



## Recent Publications

---

INGRAM CROCKETT.—*The Magic of the Woods and Other Poems*. Chicago : Plymouth Publishing Co. 1908.

PERCY MACKAYE.—*Mater*. A prose comedy of manners by the author of *Sappho and Phaon*. New York : The Macmillan Co. 1908.

MARTIN SCHUTZE.—*Hero and Leander*.—A poetic drama that treats the beautiful legend in a strikingly novel manner. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 1908.

H. MACGRATH.—*The Enchanted Hat*. A collection of four clever tales. Color illustrations by Grefé. Indianapolis : The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

BRIAN HOOKER.—*The Right Man*. One of the best of the recent *chic* novels. Color illustrations by Kimball. Indianapolis : The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

MARGARET P. MONTAGUE.—*In Calvert's Valley*. A domestic novel of the West Virginia mountains. New York : The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.—*The Broken Snare*. The distinctive charm of this tendency novel on marriage lies in its beauty of diction. New York : B. W. Dodge & Co. 1908.

E. D. HANSCOM.—*The Friendly Craft*. A very delightful little pick-up book of letter extracts. New York : The Macmillan Co. 1908.

W. H. POLLOCK.—*Impressions of Henry Irving*. Gathered in Public and Private during a Friendship of Many Years. With a preface by H. B. Irving. New York : Longman's, Green & Co. 1908.

MYRTLE REED.—*Flower of the Dusk*. Literary excellence, rare humor, profound sympathy and the storyteller's gift are revealed throughout this beautiful tale. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

MRS. LANG.—*The Book of Princes and Princesses*. Edited by Andrew Lang. A handsome book, well illustrated, and of great value to the young mind looking out from fairy land on the world of real personages. New York : Longman's, Green & Co. 1908.



# *The* University of the South

*Sewanee, Tennessee*



Opened in 1868. Located at Sewanee, Tennessee, on a plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Sewanee has a national reputation as a health resort. The Departments of the University are :

*Academic, Theological,  
Medical, Pharmaceutical,  
Law, and Engineering.*

THE SEWANEE GRAMMAR SCHOOL prepares boys for this and other Universities and for business.

☞ After the Lent Term (March 19 to June 25) of the present year (1908), the scholastic year, in all departments except the Medical, opens in September and closes in June (a change from a winter to a summer vacation), and is divided into two terms, Advent and Easter. The Medical Department opens in April and continues to October, as heretofore.

For catalogues and other information, address

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M.A., LL.D.,  
*Vice-Chancellor.*

READING is a great and happy disentangler of all those knotted snarls—those extravagant vagaries, which belong to a heart sparkling with sensibility; but the reading must be cautiously directed. There is old, placid Burton when your soul is weak, and its digestion of life's humors is bad; there is Cowper when your spirit runs into kindly, half-sad, religious musing; there is Crabbe when you would shake off vagary, by a little handling of sharp actualities. There is Voltaire, a homeopathic doctor, whom you can read when you want to make a play of life, and crack jokes at Nature, and be witty with Destiny; there is Rousseau, when you want to lose yourself in a mental dream-land, and be beguiled by the harmony of soul-music and soul-culture. . . . And then again, there are Milton and Isaiah, to lift one's soul until it touches cloud-land, and you wander with their guidance, on swift feet, to the very gates of Heaven.

“IK MARVEL” (1822-1908)